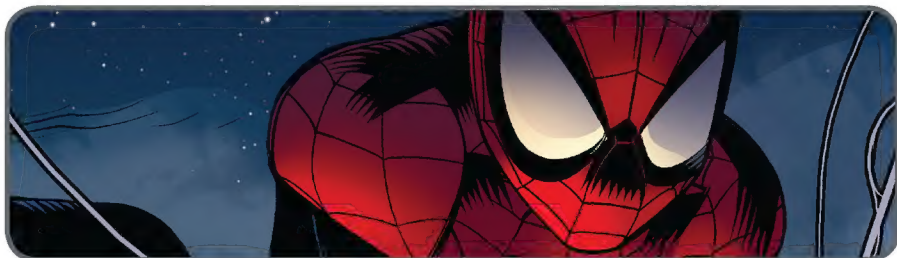


ULTIMATE FALLOUT

MARVEL ***SPIDER-MAN NO MORE*** **ISSUE 5**
HICKMAN • SPENCER • TAN • ROSS



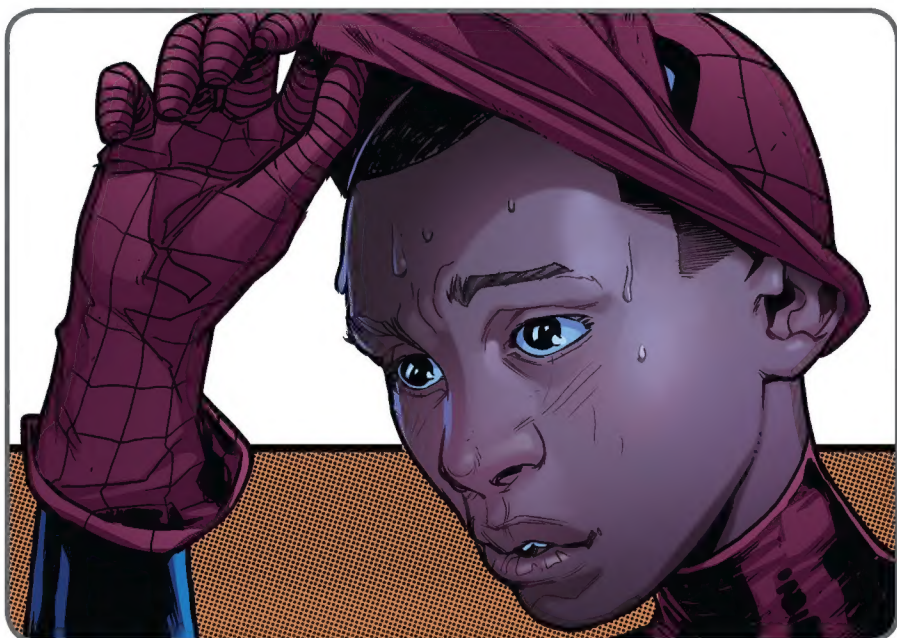
The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility.



PREVIOUSLY:

Peter Parker died heroically at the hands of Norman Osborn, a.k.a. the Green Goblin, in the arms of his one true love Mary Jane and the woman who raised him, Aunt May.

While heroes and citizens alike must learn to cope in a world without Spider-Man, others begin to plot what happens next...



ULTIMATE FALLOUT

CHAPTER FIVE OF SIX

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Is this gonna be like Syria?
Are there gonna be big blue
guys with AK-47s sitting
around a boardroom table in
the Chrysler building?
'Cause if so, I vote
teleconference.

He's
kidding.

I didn't
know anything
about this--

Been on
the private
calendar for
two weeks,
Philip.

No, it
will not be like
Syria. This guy has
better hair
than I do.

It's ten
minutes. You're
gonna want to
hear what he
has to say.

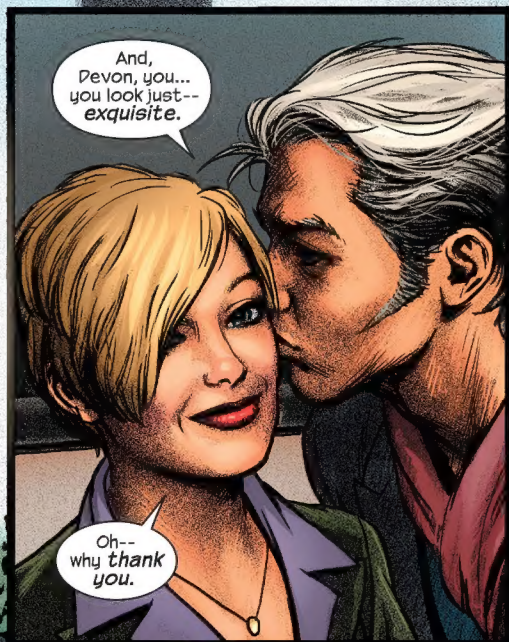
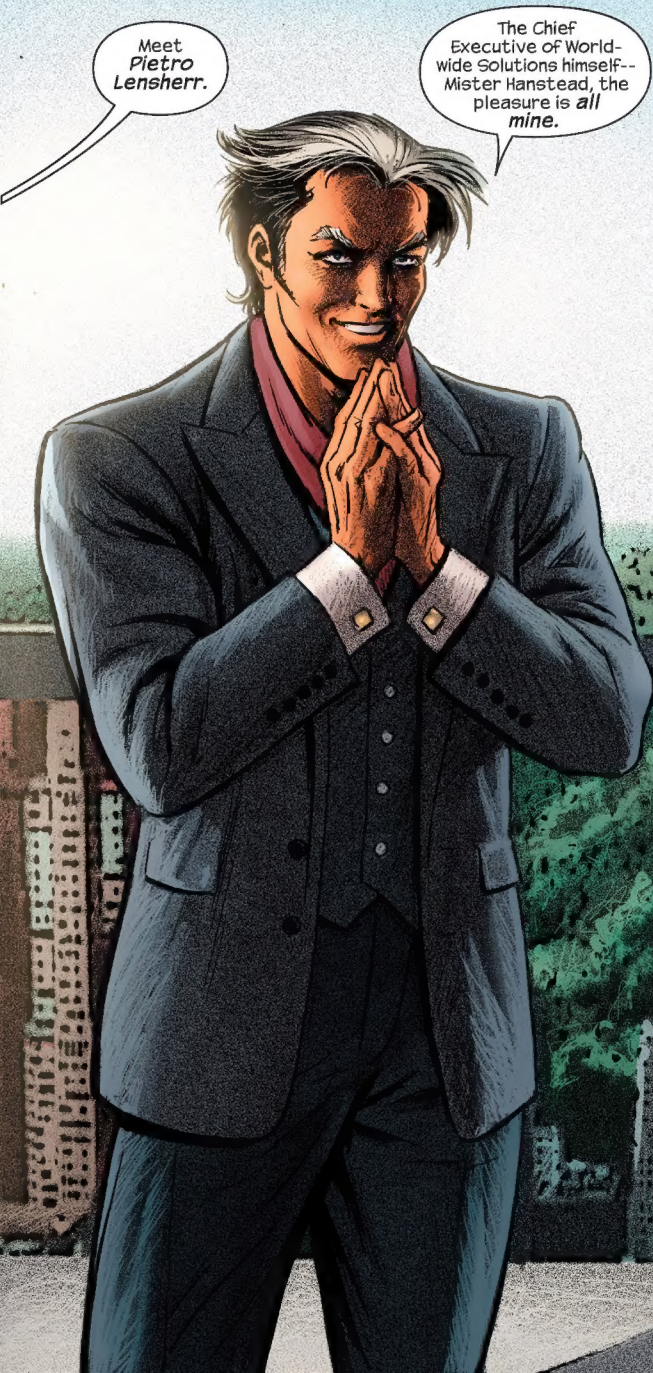
He's a
terrorist.

What a
terrorist
has to say.

And whose
idea was it to do this
here, the day the entire
damn press corps is in Central
Park? I think our driver cut
off Helene Cooper pulling
up here! You have *any* idea
the mess we'd be in if
they found out--

Philip,
would you *please*
just let me make you
some money? I know
it's been a while, but I
promise, it's just
like riding a bike.







I was just looking over your third quarter report--tea?

No, thank you. *Well*, the restructuring has been a challenge for us, obviously.

I understand. These are *trying* times. For *all* of us.

Your company fascinates me greatly, sir, such scope--energy, technology, global finance--just so many facets. *Tell me*, Mister Hanstead--do you know what the most valuable good this country ever imported is?

Oil?

See, *that* is exactly what I thought myself. But *no*, actually--



It's *slaves*.

Adjusted for inflation, this nation's slave trade contributed--conservatively, even--around twenty *trillion* dollars to the national economy.

And as you and I know, that money doesn't just disappear, does it? It's put back into the economy, again and again.

It has paid for *industrialization*. The military buildup that made you into a *super-power*. Your *roads*, your *homes*, your *universities*--

All that suffering paid for your *way of life*.



I'm not sure I see where this is going--

No bother. Look at that. Miserable weather, isn't it?

Welcome to New York.



I once knew a young girl-- a mutant--who could look at those clouds, and force them to part, just through the power of her own mind.

Yeah, well, where is she when we need her, right?



Being lobotomized.



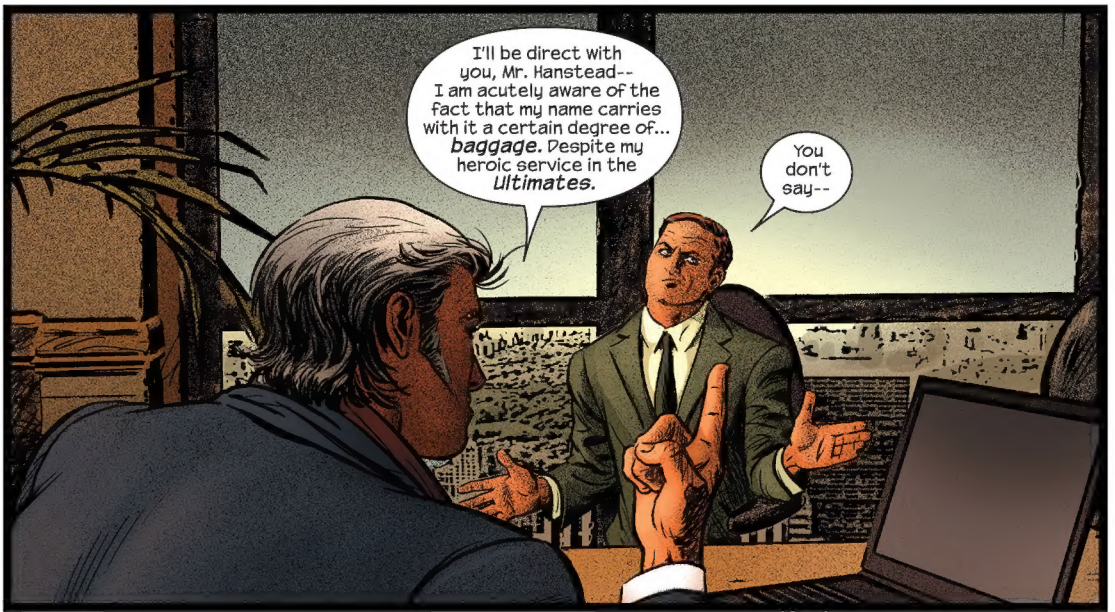
I--I'm sorry. I--

Oh, no need to apologize, I assure you. We weren't exactly friends. Just another foot soldier in an unnecessary war between two very angry old men.



You mean Charles Xavier and your father.

Indeed. And how greatly we have *all* suffered in their names.

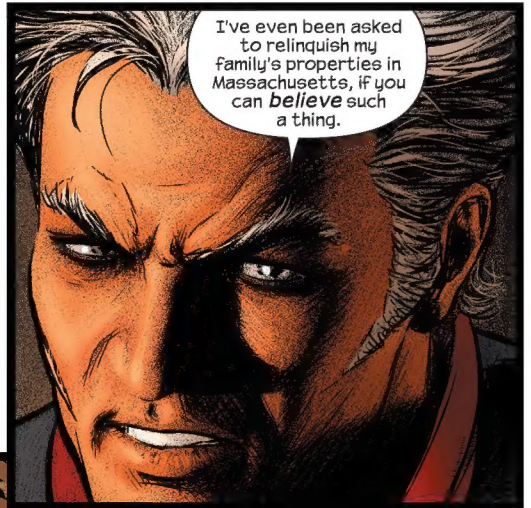


I'll be direct with you, Mr. Hanstead-- I am acutely aware of the fact that my name carries with it a certain degree of... *baggage*. Despite my heroic service in the *Ultimates*.

You don't say--



I'm subject to the same rash laws as any other mutant since my father's attack. My legal status here is virtually *nonexistent*, I'm forced to hide from the authorities--



I've even been asked to relinquish my family's properties in Massachusetts, if you can *believe* such a thing.



Now, outside funds and connections afford me a *limited* degree of autonomy, thankfully, but even that is... *tenuous*.

The simple reality is, due to my refusal to submit to involuntary detention at the hands of *your* government--



You could *kill* me right now, and face *no* legal reprisal.



Hey, look, I voted for the *other* guy. Don't--

Oh, I don't doubt for even a *second* that you oppose these draconian measures.

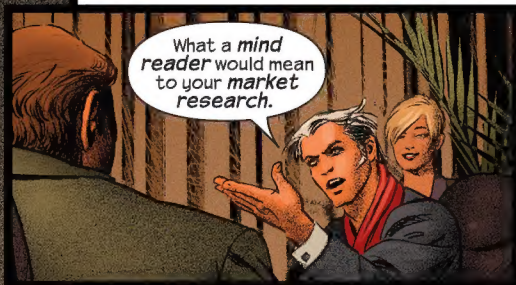
You are a man of *vision*, one of the last titans of industry. *You* know the future when you're face-to-face with it. But Mister Hanstead... Philip--



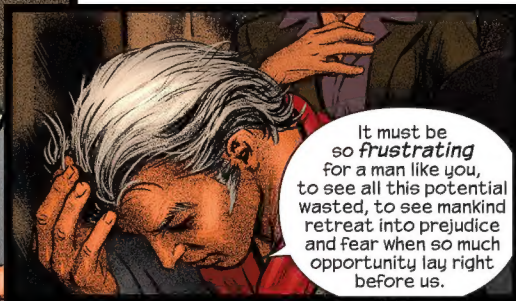
If I could show you some of the things I've seen-- Mutants with *brehtaking* abilities, powers that could change lives, fundamentally alter the way our societies *function*...

Just *imagine* what that girl able to change weather patterns could do for the *farming* industry.

What a *teleporter* could do for *shipping*.



What a *mind reader* would mean to your *market research*.



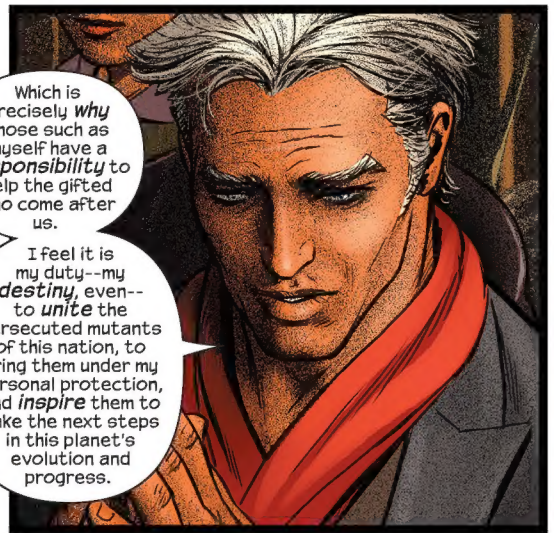
It must be so *frustrating* for a man like you, to see all this potential wasted, to see mankind retreat into prejudice and fear when so much opportunity lay right before us.



Opportunity, Mister Lensherr? Oh sure, we *all* see the opportunity. But there's also some not-inconsiderable *risk* involved--

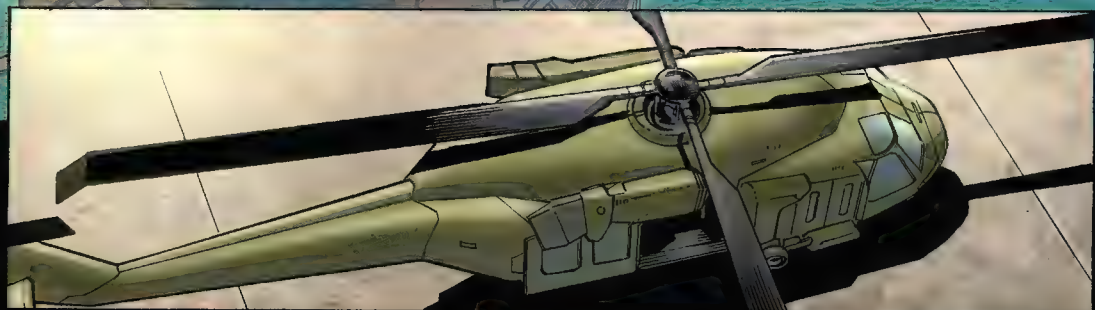
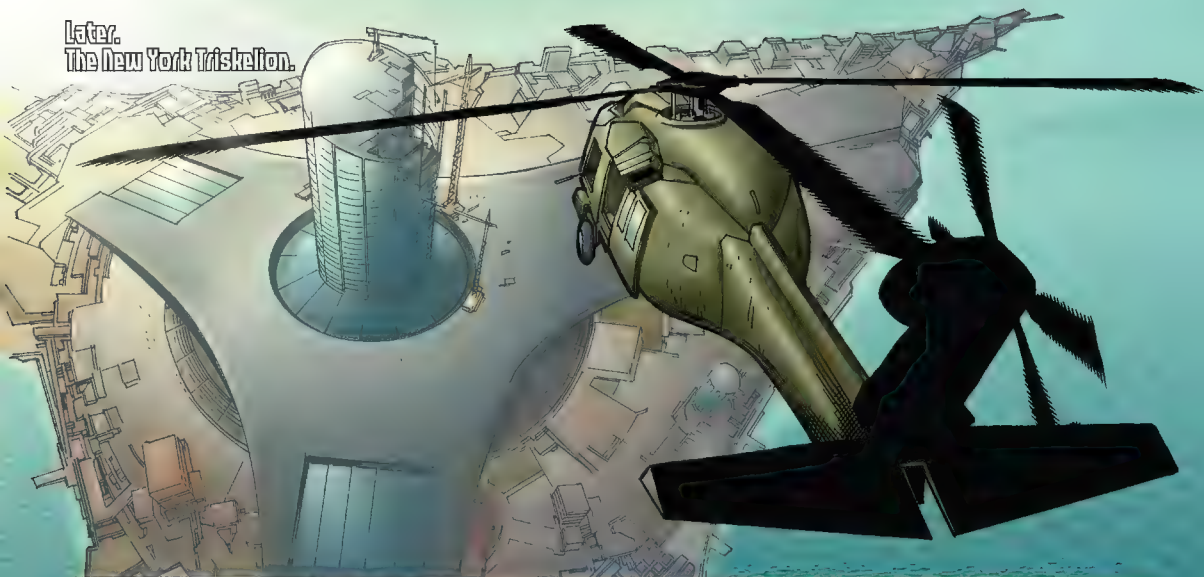


"We just dug *Manhattan out of the water*" risk, if you follow.

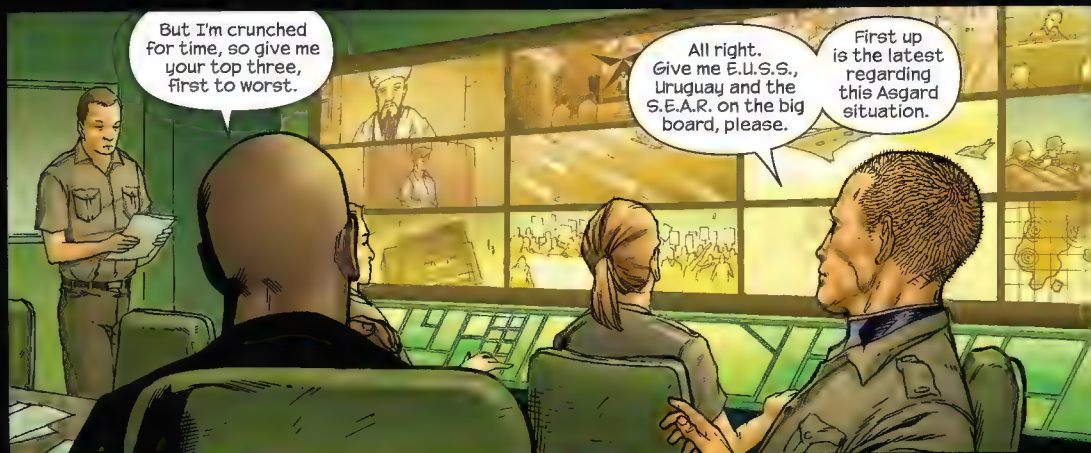




Later.
The New York Triskelion.







But I'm crunched for time, so give me your top three, first to worst.

All right. Give me E.U.S.S., Uruguay and the S.E.A.R. on the big board, please.

First up is the latest regarding this Asgard situation.



"I know that you've personally spoken to Thor and he assures you that there is nothing to fear here..."

"But the European Union is so spooked they've reconstituted their Super-Soldier program.

"And...you're gonna love this... we just found out that Jamie Braddock is leading the team."

"Fantastic."



"Second is the semi-controlled skirmishes of the Uruguay-Argentina conflict have escalated to the point where it appears that a full-scale invasion is likely.

"The U.S. ambassador to the U.N. is already promising ultimates support if the Security Council chooses to act collectively.

"Surveillance suggests this to be a very real possibility.

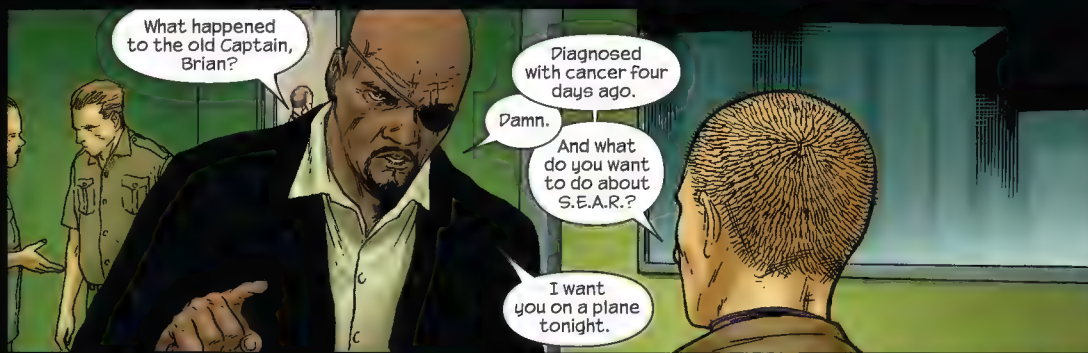


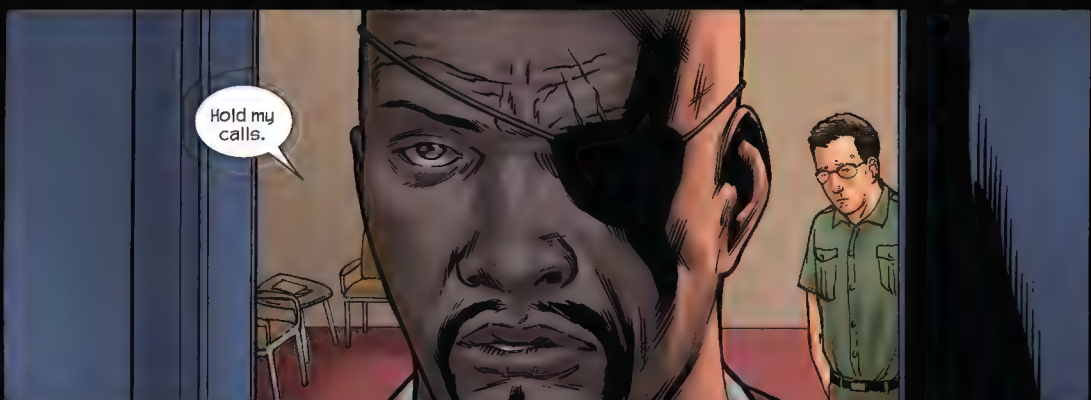
"And here's the one that bothers me the most.

"We've been hearing rumblings from third party intelligence sources inside the S.E.A.R. about a combo biological/metahuman weapons system..."

"Yet, to date, all we have to show for it are three dead spies and zero additional intel.

"Something's going on here, General."







Be careful.
You'll shoot your eye out.



Ah, a joke.
Excellent.
Spirits are high.

General
Fury, I'm Jasper
Sitwell, special
council--

I know who you are. I
know you're here from the
White House, and that you
have news regarding next
year's projected
operating budget.

So
let's have
it.



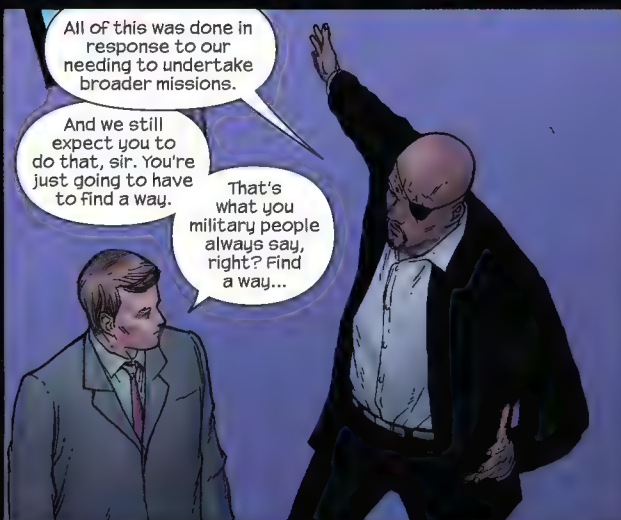
The President
said you would be
straight to the
point.

Fair
enough.

We're going
to be reducing
your budget by
30 percent.



What?





Pietro's Penthouse.



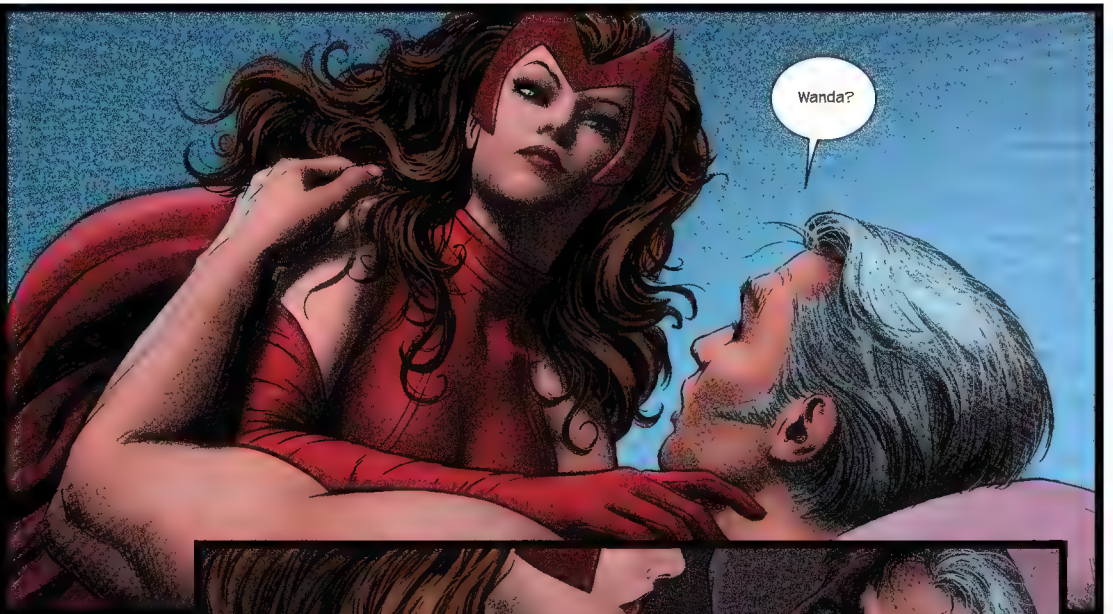
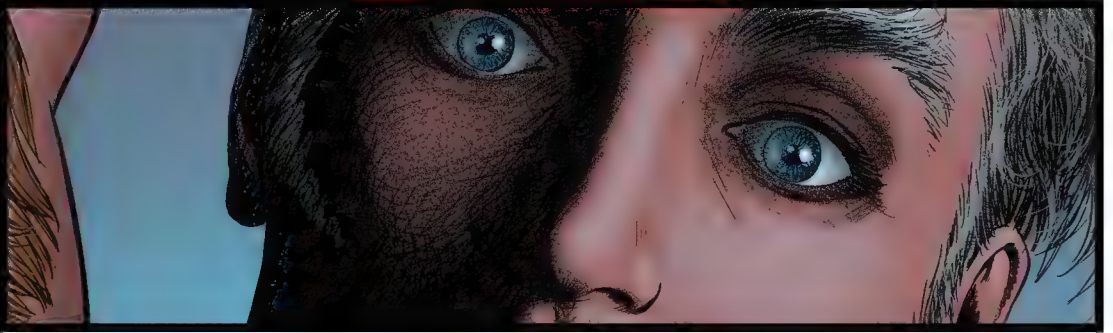
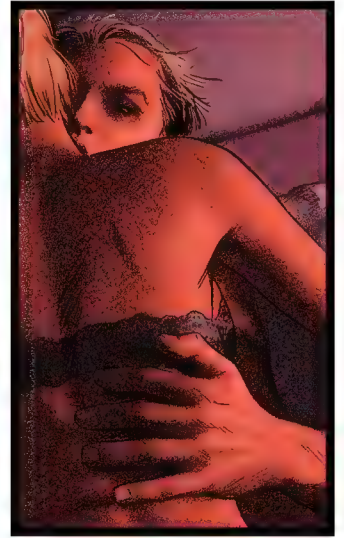
I still
can't believe
he went
for it.

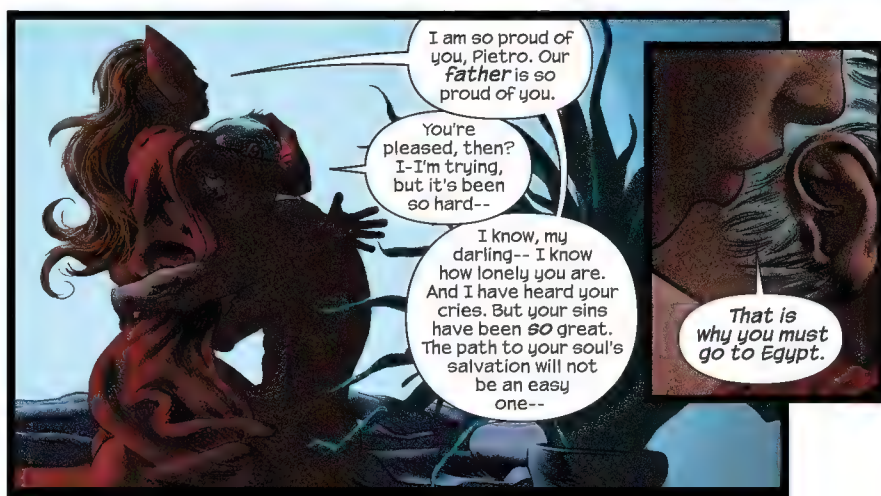
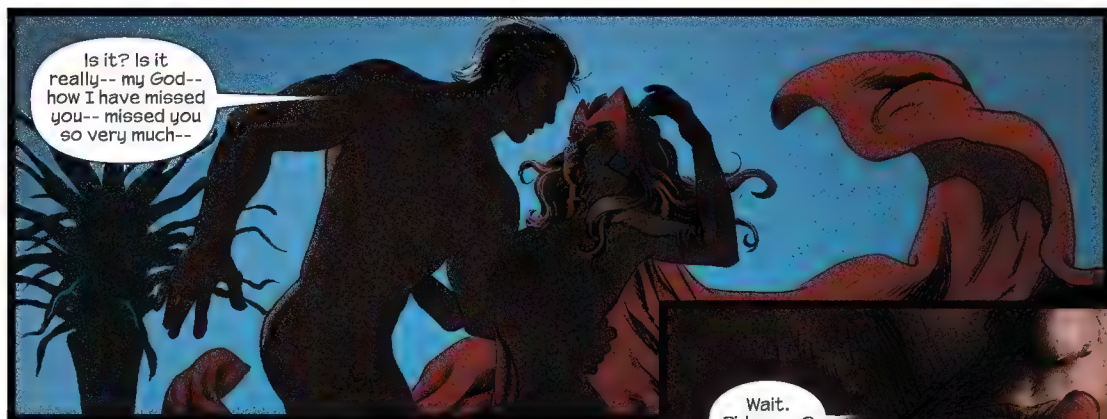
Why,
Devon, I
thought you
knew--

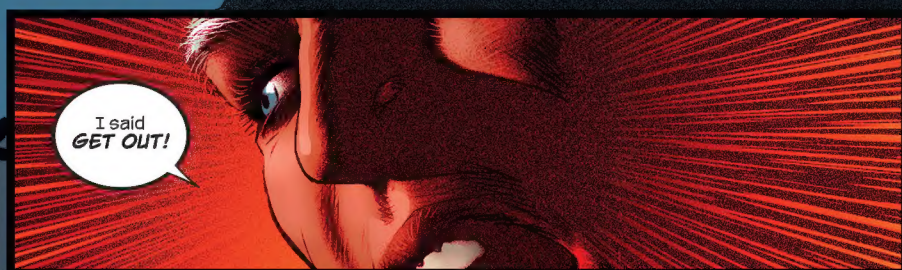
I happen
to be a *very*
persuasive man. In
fact, that's how I got
the appointment in
the first place.

No, it
isn't.







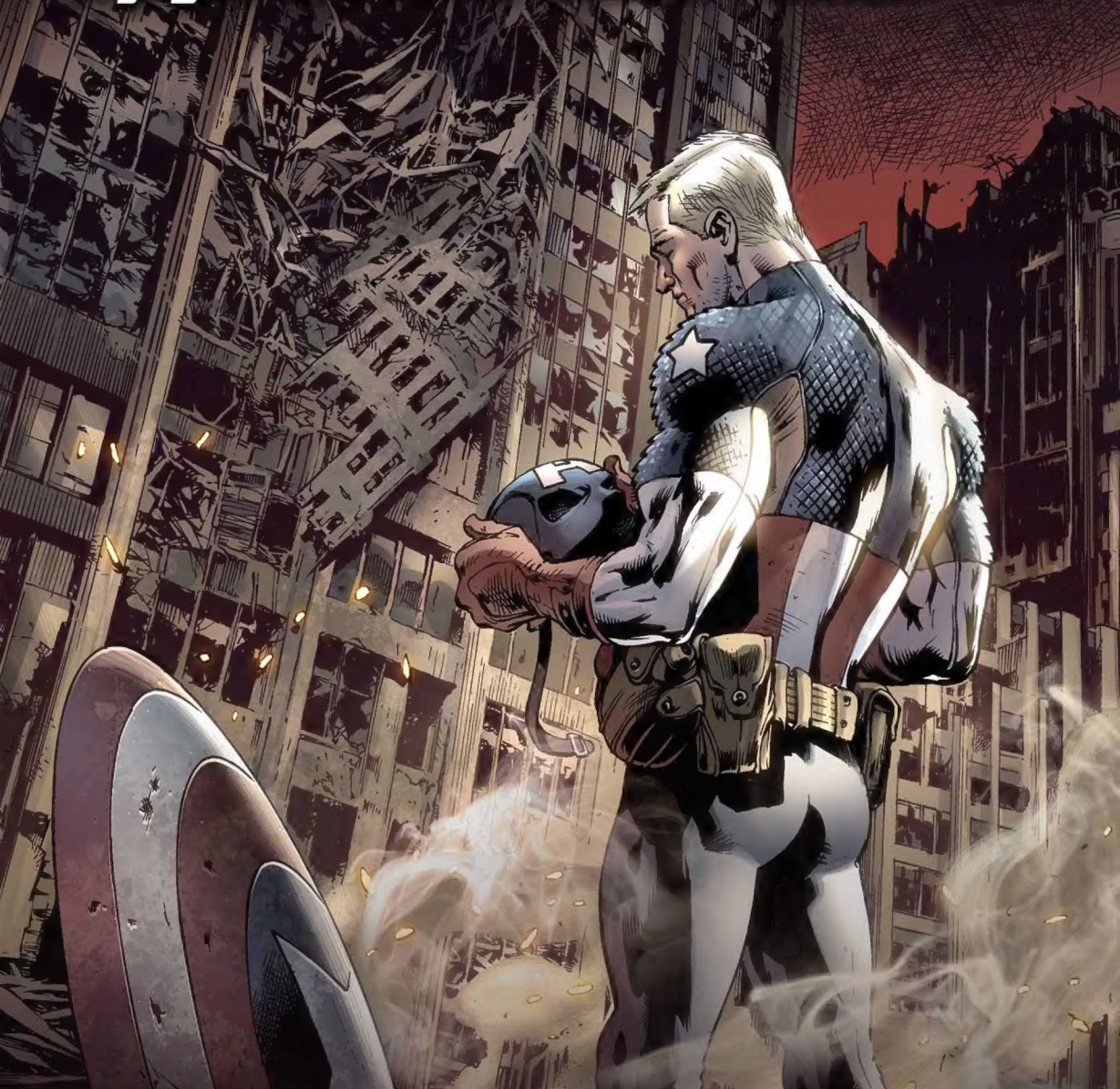


NEXT ISSUE



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ULTIMATE COMICS FALLOUT #6

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